

Shuck

Full

Richard P. 8-7-10

✓ 12-13-14-15

22

25

p 29-30

p 33-34

ILED 3 LIVES

Richard Carlson

53B

by

Donn Mullally

Herbert Shuck Dir.

9-10 + 11

Based on the Book

by

Herbert A. Philbrick

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SYNOPSIS

A man Philbrick had known since his early days in the Communist Party is subpoenaed by the Committee on Subversive Activity. He comes to Philbrick because they have remained friends even though Clay bilged out of the Party. Clay believes Philbrick also left the Party in the meantime...but that doesn't change the fact that if he is a cooperative witness, he will have to name his friend as a Communist. What should he do? The Comrades have something to say about this, too...instructing Philbrick that at all costs Clay is to take a five. When Philbrick learns why the Party is so interested in this particular witness, he has uncovered a top-drawer party secret...for the benefit of the FBI, naturally.

CAST

HERBERT A. PHILBRICK

EVA PHILBRICK.....his wife

JERRY DRESSLER.....FBI

CLAY JENNINGS.....a misguided liberal, who made the mistake of joining the Commies long, long ago.
A friendly, sincere guy, otherwise.

COMRADE RICKARD.....A Party enforcer...a hood who's muscling in on the revolution.

COMRADE X.....A voice from a darkened room...and the past.

FBI AGENT.....Bit. (Voice)

SILENT BITS: MASSEUR, WAITER, COP

SETS

EXTERIOR:

PHILBRICK'S HOUSE
X MANSION
STREETS
NEWS STAND

INTERIOR:

PHILBRICK'S OFFICE
MASSAGE ROOM
CAR
X STUDY
PHILBRICK'S KITCHEN
PHILBRICK'S BACK PORCH
ATTIC
SECRET ROOM
POLICE RECORDS & INFO.
PHONE BOOTH

VOICE OVER:

Pages: A, 1, 8, 10, 20, 21, 23, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 33

I LED 3 LIVES #53B

OPENING

VOICE OVER

This is the story -- the fantastically true story -- of Herbert A. Philbrick, who for nine frightening years did lead three lives...Average citizen, high-level member of the Communist Party, and counterspy for the Federal Bureau of Investigation. For obvious reasons, the names, dates and places have been changed, but the story is based on fact.

When a former Communist testifies under oath about his party affiliation, he strikes terror into the heart of every party member.

This is the story of one such witness and the efforts of the Party to prevent his testimony.

CLOSING

A. INT. SECRET ROOM - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - PHILBRICK

A

at filing cabinet. He's digging a file folder out of the cabinet and examining the contents as:

VOICE OVER

An obituary notice, buried in the files and forgotten, proved the key to the identify of a well-hidden Communist, rendering him completely useless to the Party.

I LED 3 LIVES #53B

by

Donn Mullally

Final 9/2/54

FADE IN:

INT. PHILBRICK'S OFFICE - DAY

1 CLOSE SHOT - PHILBRICK

1

working on an ad layout on his desk. This is a picture of the man completely at peace with himself. His collar's open, tie pulled down, sleeves rolled up, pipe drawing well, pencil busy. CAMERA DOLLIES forward on oblique angle to desk so that as CAMERA PANS, WE SEE the comfortable littler of Philbrick's desk and the ad layout on which he is working.. Philbrick in profile in f.g.

VOICE OVER

Every day in your life isn't a crisis.. you can be thankful for that small blessing, Philbrick. Sometimes.. when you can shut the Communist Party out of your mind for a few hours, it can be like this. Just a man and his work. The original romance of all time.

Prominent on Philbrick's desk is an intercom box. It buzzes and absently Philbrick reaches in and depresses key on intercom box...

PHILBRICK

Clay Jennings? Send him in.

2 MED. SHOT - OFFICE

2

OVER Philbrick as he clicks the intercom switch on the box.. pushes back from his desk. The door in b.g. opens and Clay Jennings enters. He's a personable young man about Philbrick's age.. dresses well. Nice, genuine smile as Philbrick comes around the desk and they shake hands.. CAMERA DOLLYING in to TWO SHOT FAVORING Clay.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

CLAY
(as he enters)
Hello, Herb.

PHILBRICK
(as they shake)
It's been a long time, Clay.
What've you been doing?

He waves Clay to a chair.. perches with one leg cocked over the corner of his desk.

CLAY
(shrugs)
Working.. chasing the elusive buck. How's the family.. the girls?

PHILBRICK
(smiles)
Great.

CLAY
No new additions?

PHILBRICK
(grins)
Not recently..

CLAY
I'm not interrupting anything... are you busy, Herb?

There's a sudden sobering in Clay's manner.. which Philbrick gets, reacts with an easy smile.

PHILBRICK
All the time in the world... something special on your mind?

CLAY
(solemnly)
Yeah.
(plunges)
Herb.. I got a subpoena. I don't mean for driving through a traffic light. The Committee on Subversive Activity wants to ask me the sixty-four dollar question.

3 CLOSE SHOT - PHILBRICK

3

He rises slowly from the corner of his desk.. comes around it to his chair, this bringing Clay into b.g. of shot as CAMERA PANS with Philbrick.

PHILBRICK

(quietly)

What're you going to tell them?

CLAY

That's what I wanted to talk to you about. What am I going to tell them?

Philbrick picks up his pipe.. fills it thoughtfully as Clay continues:

CLAY

That I was a Communist for a.... for about a year. I paid dues, attended cell meetings, passed out handbills during a transit strike, and I finally bilged out of the Party because I couldn't dig all that dialectic double-talk.

PHILBRICK

(flatly)

That'll be quite a speech.

CLAY

(heatedly)

Sure... and I can tell them I got a stomach full of being treated like dirt by a bunch of self-styled intellectuals who couldn't ever say anything good about this country. I could say I was a dupe and a dope to ever get sucked in.

PHILBRICK

(solemnly)

At this point, you bare your chest to the Committee and show them the tattoo of the American flag?

CLAY

(grins)

That's not a bad idea. How long does it take a tattoo to heal?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

He lights a cigarette, the tension's broken. He leans forward with his elbows on the desk.

CLAY

(continuing)

Seriously, Herb. What am I going to do when they ask me to name the men I knew as Party members? This question's got to come up. Do I start with Herb Philbrick, for instance?

PHILBRICK

(sighs)

I don't insist on top billing, Clay. But frankly, in your own self-interest, do you think you're taking this up with the right person? It's barely possible, you know, that I'm a trifle prejudiced...

CLAY

(nods)

I know, Herb. And I know you. (Philbrick eyes him narrowly)
We've never discussed it before, but I always figured you got out of the Party for the same reasons I did.

PHILBRICK

(nods)

Some of the same reasons, anyway.

CLAY

Okay... so I don't think either one of us is a subversive. Yet here we sit.. and one of us is going to get tarred by that brush. I could stand on the Fifth Amendment. And by refusing to testify, crucify myself and my family.

PHILBRICK

I know.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED (1):

3

CLAY

And if I open up to the
Committee I ruin you and your
family. Herb, you must've
thought about this plenty.
It could've been you who got
this subpoena.

PHILBRICK

(nods)

You're dead right. It
could've been.

CLAY

Okay.. then if you were in
this spot... if someone was
going to ask you if you were
now or had ever been a member
of the Communist Party...what
would you tell them?

As Philbrick ponders that one CAMERA DOLLIES INTO HEAD
CLOSEUP and we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MASSAGE ROOM - DAY

4 CLOSE SHOT - TOWEL

4

which is draped around a man's neck (Dressler's) forming
a collar over a blanket. On the towel is printed:
FINNISH BATHS. CAMERA PULLS BACK and WE SEE Dressler
stretched out under the blanket; he looks to his right
as CAMERA includes Philbrick, who is lying on the next
rubbing table...

DRESSLER

Frankly, I don't know the
answer either, Herb.

He clams up as masseur enters with a bottle of rubbing
oil, starts to unscrew the top.. after peeling the blanket
off Philbrick's chest.

PHILBRICK

(to masseur)

I beg your pardon.. I wonder if
you'd call my wife before we
start. Tell her I'll be a little
late tonight. Evergreen 3-8886

(masseur nods)

Thank you...

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

He watches as masseur walks out of shot, then turns to Dressler..

PHILBRICK

I know I can't expect you or the F.B.I. to intercede here... that's been understood from the beginning. You can't claim me as your boy.

CAMERA PANS to Dressler as he shakes his head again.

DRESSLER

No.. for your own safety, we can't do that.

He sits up, CAMERA PULLING BACK TO TWO SHOT as he continues:

DRESSLER

(continuing)

But we're not throwing you over-board either, Herb. We'll just have to play this one by ear... hope we don't hit too many sour notes. Now, what can you tell me about Clay Jennings? He was a Communist?

PHILBRICK

(nods - looking off at ceiling - thoughtfully)

I've known him for years, knew him as a member of the first Communist cell I ever belonged to. A nice guy.. strictly didn't belong in the Communist Party. He figured that out for himself about the same time they did. I'm not positive whether he resigned or was drummed out.

DRESSLER

(narrowly - wiping sweat)

But you are positive he's out?

PHILBRICK

(nods)

Reasonably.

Dressler shakes his head and Philbrick reacts.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED (1):

4

DRESSLER

Herb.. you've been walking the razor's edge so long it's probably beginning to look like a super-highway. It isn't. The price for one misstep is still the same. We don't gamble on a reasonable conviction.

PHILBRICK

Then you're saying I should treat Clay in this situation as though he were still a member of the Party?

(Dressler nods)

But he came to me.. why? If he were still a Communist, he wouldn't have any conflict about his testimony. They'd tell him what to say. He'd say it. Period.

DRESSLER

(smiles - nods)

And that could be exactly what he's doing. Look, you're a big wheel in the Party now, Herb, but don't lose sight of one thing.

PHILBRICK

(up on one elbow -
interested)

Yes?

DRESSLER

You've been in a lot of tight spots -- and scraped out smelling like a rose. At least we think you did. But maybe we're wrong... There's always that chance.

PHILBRICK

I see what you mean.

He shuts up and stretches out again as masseur returns and starts on him. CAMERA DOLLIES INTO HEAD CLOSEUP of Philbrick as he thinks hard and we hear O.S. SOUND of masseur slapping him.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED (2)

4

VOICE OVER

Grin and bear it, Philbrick.
A man who walks into this
kind of a spot with his eyes
wide open can't complain about
taking a beating.

He closes his eyes and sighs heavily as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PHILBRICK'S HOUSE - EVENING

5 MED. SHOT - AT CURB

5

as Philbrick turns in walk to his house and a moment later,
a sedan brakes to a sharp halt at the curb. Philbrick
has just climbed out of his car.. reacts to this and:

RICKARD

(calling)

Herb.. come over here.

Rickard is stilling in the open door of the sedan.

6 CLOSE SHOT - RICKARD

6

a heavy-set young man.. could be a tackle on some pro
football team. He's a sharp dresser.

VOICE OVER

Comrade Rickard.. one of the
muscle boys for the Party.
An Enforcer...

Philbrick enters from ANGLE as:

VOICE OVER

(continuing)

What does he want with you,
Philbrick?

RICKARD

Somebody wants to have a
talk with you, Comrade.

(jerks thumb)Get in.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

PHILBRICK
(indicating house)
My wife's expecting me for
dinner. Would you mind if I
went in and.....

RICKARD
I'd mind. Get in.

As he says this, Rickard hops out of the car and enforces
his command with a shove.

7 TIGHT TWO SHOT - PHILBRICK AND RICKARD

7

ANGLED DOWN OVER RICKARD. Philbrick looks pretty ruffled,
a fact that does not escape Rickard who grins:

RICKARD
You don't like being pushed,
Comrade Herb?

PHILBRICK
(flatly)
Do you meet very many people
who do like to be pushed,
Comrade?

RICKARD
(nods)
Yeah.. all the time. Sometimes,
just like you did.. they ask
for it.
(coldly)
I got orders, Comrade. I
don't push so I can keep in
condition.

PHILBRICK
Where do your orders say you're
taking me?

RICKARD
They're my orders, Comrade.

He takes a pair of dark glasses out of his coat pocket
and hands them to Philbrick.

RICKARD
(continuing)
And I think you'd better
wear these.
~~(gets in car)~~

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

RICKARD (Cont'd)
 Don't worry, if you can't see through them. You're not supposed to. If you want to look at something out of the corners of your eyes... I'll be right here.

He motions to driver to get going. Driver does, pulling out fast.

INT. CAR - DAY

8 HEAD CLOSEUP - PHILBRICK

8

VOICE OVER
 There is one thing you can see through these glasses, Philbrick. Dressler was right. The price of a misstep hasn't changed.. the razor's edge has never been a super-highway.

HOLD on Philbrick and

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. X MANSION - EVENING

9 FULL SHOT - AT MANSION

9

X
 which should be as near a Charles Addams' as we can get without having it resemble Philbrick's house. Be nice if there's a circular driveway from the street to the front door. In any event, WE SEE Rickard's sedan pull into the driveway and Rickard gets out... helps the "blind" man up the front steps and they exit into the house.

INT. X MANSION - EVENING

10 MED. SHOT - LIBRARY

10

which is keyed to the Vampire-roost look of the exterior. Rickard guides Philbrick into the center of this room, stops him.

RICKARD
 You stand right here.. and keep your hands off those glasses.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

Philbrick nods.. waits as a door opposite him opens slowly, revealing a darkened room (which he cannot see, of course) beyond. The voice that issues from this dark room has a dry, matter-of-fact quality.. in sharp contrast to the melodramatic surroundings.

COMRADE X

Comrade Herb.. nice of you to come.

PHILBRICK

(a trace of acid)

My pleasure...

COMRADE X

This is very unfair to you, I know.. but necessary. Our leadership prescribed how this meeting should be conducted. Does that satisfy you?

PHILBRICK

(well-disciplined
Comrade)

Completely.

11 ANOTHER ANGLE - PHILBRICK

11

Comrade X's PV.. from dark room to brightly lighted library, where Philbrick is standing. X is a silhouette in f.g.

COMRADE X

Good. I believe you have maintained a relationship with a former Party member named Jennings? Clay Jennings?

PHILBRICK

(nods)

Correct.

COMRADE X

Did you know he had been subpoenaed as a witness by the Committee on Subversive Activity?

PHILBRICK

(nods again)

He told me this afternoon.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

COMRADE X

Did he ask your advice, Comrade?
About his testimony... what
he should tell the Committee
members?

PHILBRICK

He did. I told him I'd have
to sleep on it. We're going
to meet for lunch tomorrow
and explore the whole matter.

COMRADE X

Excellent, Comrade. Then
you will tell him it is your
considered opinion that he
should stand on the Fifth
Amendment... that the Committee
has no authority to question
him about his political
affiliations past or present.

PHILBRICK

This is an order?

COMRADE X

It is. Comrade Rickard will
validate my right to give it.

RICKARD

(nods)

This is from the top, Comrade
Herb.

PHILBRICK

May I make a comment?

COMRADE X

By all means.

CAMERA DOLLIES THRU door to TIGHT SHOT of Philbrick.
His mouth is a tight, bloodless line as:

PHILBRICK

Clay Jennings won't buy that
argument. He's been out of
the Party for some time now..
and I don't think he's about
to martyr himself for a
principle.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED (1)

11

COMRADE X (o.s.)
But he might martyr himself
for his friend, Herb Philbrick..
if he can be made to realize
that by testifying he'll ruin
you.

PHILBRICK
He realizes that now.

COMRADE X (o.s.)
Then your job is half done..
simply keep him continually
aware of this fact. The point
is, he must not testify.
Comrade Rickard will explain
the alternatives to you.

12 REVERSE ANGLE - PHILBRICK

12

as Comrade X's line OVERLAPS and in b.g., WE SEE the
door slowly close. Rickard taps Philbrick's shoulder.

RICKARD

Okay.. that's it. Let's go.

He turns Philbrick around and guides him toward the door
through which they entered room as CAMERA PANS and
Rickard adds:

RICKARD

(continuing)

I'll brief you on the way home.

They exit and we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RICKARD'S CAR - NIGHT

13 TIGHT SHOT - GROUP

13

in front seat. The driver, Philbrick and Rickard.
Philbrick is still wearing glasses. Car is rocking...
lights sweep over them and there is o.s. SOUND of engine.
Rickard reaches up and removes the glasses.

RICKARD

(smiles)

You won't need these anymore.
You're just about home.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

Philbrick blinks his eyes as headlights from an approaching car flash in his face.

EXT. PHILBRICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

14 MED. SHOT - AT CURB

14

as Rickard's car grinds to a stop in front of CAMERA.

INT. RICKARD'S CAR - NIGHT

15 TIGHT SHOT - GROUP

15

as before in front seat. Only now car is stopped.

RICKARD

You understand! Comrade...
under no circumstances is
Clay Jennings to testify..If
you are unable to convince
him..

(crooked smile)

perhaps we will try another
and more direct approach
the problem.

PHILBRICK

(nods)

I realize it isn't essential
that I understand the reasons
for all this concern over
whether our former Comrade
testifies or not. But, if
it's not a top drawer secret,
why? I knew Clay Jennings
when he was in the party..
there's nothing he could tell
anyone about the Party that
hasn't been chewed over by
these Committees a thousand
times. I'd stake my life on
that!

RICKARD

(pleasantly)

You'd lose.

(smiles)

Let's just say Clay Jennings
was looking.. when he shouldn't've
been.

*You were taken
out there
to impress you
with the importance
of this problem,*

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

PHILBRICK
You mean, he wasn't wearing
those dark glasses.

RICKARD
Too bad he wasn't.

He gets out of the car.. permitting Philbrick to slide out.

EXT. PHILBRICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

16 TIGHT PAN SHOT - PHILBRICK

16

as he climbs out of car.. starts toward house. Rickard
grins and calls after him.

Herb... RICKARD

Yeah? PHILBRICK

RICKARD
I hope your dinner isn't ruined.

Philbrick in f.g. of shot, just looks at Rickard with a
tight smile as latter hops in the car and is driven out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PHILBRICK KITCHEN - NIGHT

17 CLOSE SHOT - EVA

17

as she opens the oven door of the range and takes out a
plate with some wilted looking vegetables.. a slice of
chip-dry meat rather forlornly arrayed on it.

EVA
(unhappily)
Herb, your dinner's ruined!

Philbrick enters to her, smiles and puts his arm around
her waist.

PHILBRICK
(gently)
Don't worry about it, darling.
My appetite was ruined some
time ago.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

He takes the plate out of her hand and carries it to the kitchen table as CAMERA PANS with the two of them. There's a place mat with silverware and a napkin.. a cup and saucer.. bread and some unidentified spread. He takes his place.. Eva sits across from him. Her face is troubled. Philbrick starts making a pass at eating.

PHILBRICK

The girls in bed?

(Eva nods)

I'll look in on them later.

EVA

Herb.. can't we talk about it?

(he doesn't respond
immediately)I saw them pick you up in front
of the house tonight... Party
men?

PHILBRICK

(nods)

You remember Clay Jennings...
you met him and his wife
several times?

EVA

He's the man who quit the
party...

(Philbrick nods)

Yes, I remember. I thought
the Jennings were lovely people.

PHILBRICK

(flatly)

Clay got a summons today.. to
appear before the Committee
on Subversive Activity.

EVA

The Party's afraid he'll name
you.. is that why those men
drove by for you?

PHILBRICK

(grimly - shakes head)

No.. If that's all they had
to worry about, they wouldn't've
wasted the gasoline. But it
was about Clay. They want me
to try to influence him to
take a five.

(grins crookedly)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED (1)

17

PHILBRICK (Cont'd)
It might seem that for once the
Party's interest and mine
coincide. At least times
threaten to be very bleak
indeed for the Philbricks if
he does name me.

EVA
(nods bleakly)
It had to come, didn't it?

PHILBRICK
Sooner or later...

There's an o.s. knock on the kitchen door. Philbrick
reacts, rising.

18 ANOTHER ANGLE - PHILBRICK

18

crossing to the kitchen door, opening it cautiously,
reacting.

PHILBRICK
Jerry!

DRESSLER (o.s.)
Herb. Step out here a minute.

Philbrick exits...not quite closing the door behind him.

INT. SCREEN PORCH - NIGHT

19 TIGHT SHOT - PHILBRICK AND DRESSLER

19

as Philbrick enters to FBI man from house, scene is only
sketchily lighted from within house.

DRESSLER
I've got some good news..
thought you might sleep better
if you knew it. There wasn't
time for a regular contact.

Philbrick's manner is apprehensive, which is noted by
Dressler.

DRESSLER
(continuing)
And don't worry. My partner
and I cased the whole block
before I stepped up on the
porch. He's keeping a lookout.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

PHILBRICK
(grins - sheepishly)
Sorry.. what's the good news?

DRESSLER
I've had a talk with the Chief
Counsel for the Committee..
reviewed the file on Jennings.
It won't hurt their investigation
a bit to drop Jennings as a
witness.

Philbrick's features are etched in planes of black and white as he shakes his head slowly.

PHILBRICK
I'm afraid I have news for
you. There's something
missing in Jennings' file..
something the Comrades are
terribly anxious to cover up.
I've been ordered to influence
him not to talk.. at any cost.

DRESSLER
(studies him)
You realize what you're saying?
You're putting your neck back
in the noose.

PHILBRICK
(nods)
I know. Unless there's some
other way of finding out what
Jennings knows...he takes
that stand when his name is
called. Let the chips and the
Philbricks fall where they may.
Jennings has to talk.

DRESSLER
(nods)
Good enough.. we'll do our
best to see you don't get
too bruised.

He shakes Philbrick's hand and exits... we HEAR o.s. SOUND
of a screen door that needs oil. Philbrick turns thought-
fully and exits into house.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

20 CLOSE SHOT - PHILBRICK

20

entering from back porch..still thoughtful. He looks off and reacts.. Moves to kitchen table where Eva is seated. She's crying, silently.

PHILBRICK
(matter-of-fact)
You heard?
(she nods - avoids his eyes)
I can imagine how you feel.
The door was open and I
slammed it shut?
(no reaction from Eva)
I didn't get into this spot
because I was looking for
adventure, Eva. If anything
I've done has any meaning at
all, this does.

She rises silently and still avoiding his eyes, starts out of the room. He stops her.

PHILBRICK
(gently)
But you're still a major
shareholder in this corporation,
Mrs. Philbrick. You have a
vote. If you think I'm wrong,
say so.

She looks at him, levelly for a moment then...

EVA
I only want you to tell me one
thing, Herb...

PHILBRICK
If I can.

EVA
Is it worth it?

He looks at her for a long moment, then draws her to him.

PHILBRICK
I like to think that it is,
Mrs. Philbrick.

He kisses her forehead as we

FADE OUT.

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

21 CLOSE SHOT - JEWELER'S CLOCK

21

ANGLED UP from sidewalk. This is one of those jobs which sits on a pedestal...looks like a taffy apple on a stick, with big clock faces set in it. The clock WE SEE tells us it is 12:18 (or any time between 12 and 1). CAMERA PANS DOWN to Philbrick who is just checking his watch against the clock. People mill past him.

VOICE OVER

Twelve-eighteen...you're going to have to hurry to keep that luncheon date with Clay Jennings...

He starts off briskly with CAMERA CAR following him.

VOICE OVER

(continuing)

...you've stalled about long enough. The answer isn't out here, anyway. Not in the shop windows...or the faces of the people you pass on the street. The answer's with Clay...

WE SEE him exit through swinging doors of a restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

22 MED. SHOT - JENNINGS

22

seated in booth. He looks up and reacts with a friendly smile as Philbrick enters from ANGLE.

JENNINGS

Herb...I was beginning to worry about you.

PHILBRICK

Sorry I'm late, Clay.

Philbrick slides into the booth...taking Clay's hand briefly.

PHILBRICK

(continuing)

...Had some calls to make between the office and here. Took longer than I expected.

(picks up menu)

Have you ordered?

(CONTINUED)

CLAY
(shakes head)
I'm not especially hungry...to
tell the truth.

PHILBRICK
(sympathetically)
I know that feeling. But you
have to eat something. Let's
order a tureen of soup and...

CLAY
(a hand on Philbrick's
arm - interjects)
Maybe you won't want even a bowl
of soup when I tell you what I
have to...

PHILBRICK
(settles back -
smiles thinly)
Go ahead, doctor. Make the
incision. I'm braced and ready.

CLAY
I had to talk this over with my
wife, Herb. You understand that,
don't you?
(Philbrick nods)
I guess you might say she made
the decision for me. I'm going
to cooperate with the Committee.

Philbrick nods, looking off.

23 ANOTHER ANGLE - PHILBRICK

23

in f.g. as in b.g., WE SEE he is looking across the
restaurant at Comrade Rickard, who is just sitting down
at a table. Alone. There is the minutest kind of
flicker of recognition that passes between them.

VOICE OVER
Comrade Rickard on the job...
who calls the next move?

CLAY
(clears throat)
I'm waiting, Herb...

Philbrick shakes off his preoccupation with Rickard,
shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

PHILBRICK

What do you want me to say?

CLAY

I don't know...but something.
You can't just sit there and
watch your future go down the
drain and make no comment.

PHILBRICK

Clay...I don't think there's room
for comment. You said your wife
made the decision for you.

CLAY

You think that's a coward's way
out...I'm making her the heavy?

PHILBRICK

I believe your wife has as big a
stake in this as any of us.

A waiter comes over and whispers something in Clay's ear...
something inaudible and inexpensive.

CLAY

Pardon me, Herb. I have a telephone
call.

He slides out of the booth and exits. Philbrick looks off
at Rickard, who is also watching Clay leave. He (Rickard)
risers and comes to Philbrick's table.

RICKARD

What's it going to be, Comrade?
Can you convince him...our way?

PHILBRICK

(shakes his head)
Not a chance. His wife's in the
picture now. She says he's going
to be a cooperative witness.

RICKARD

(roughly)
Doesn't he have anything to say
about that?

PHILBRICK

(shrugs)
Are you married, Comrade?

RICKARD

(face darkening)
Okay...then you know what to tell
him.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (1)

23

He turns and strides out toward the exit of the restaurant. Philbrick watches him go, eyes narrowing.

VOICE OVER

Sure. The high-pressure line,
Comrade. And it better be good,
or somebody could get the impression
Philbrick wants Clay Jennings to be
a cooperative witness.

He looks off the other way as Clay comes from this direction, wearing a puzzled expression.

VOICE OVER

Mr. Clay Jennings, for instance...
if this is a trap and Clay is
reporting every word you say to
him back to the party.

JENNINGS

(slides into booth)
That was a funny shake. I got
to the phone...there was nobody
on the line.

24 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING PHILBRICK

24

as he shakes his head solemnly.

PHILBRICK

You didn't have a call, Clay. It
was a trick.

CLAY

(echoes - puzzled)
A trick?

PHILBRICK

(nods)
While you were gone a character
I'd never seen before stopped at
the table. Said he had a message
I was to give you.

CLAY

A comrade, huh?

(CONTINUED)

PHILBRICK

(nods)

That'd be my guess. He was very much to the point. The Party will make it worth your while to take a five or even duck the subpoena. He suggested an extended vacation in Canada...or Mexico, if you don't like winter sports. He made it clear that you might find the alternatives very disagreeable.

Philbrick delivers this very glibly, and Clay begins to shake his head slowly. When he speaks it is in a low, quiet and cold whisper. But backed with temper.

CLAY

(nodding)

I get it now. I've been a sucker haven't I?

PHILBRICK

What do you mean?

CLAY

Don't give me that look of innocence, Comrade. This was all arranged... You got here late, because you had to set up that phony call. You had to squirm into position to give me a line about a man you never saw before. You're still one of them -- it's written all over your face!

PHILBRICK

(coldly)

Are you finished, or are you just temporarily out of breath?

CLAY

(rising)

Almost. For a finish, I'd like to see you look me in the eye and say you're not a Communist.

PHILBRICK

(quietly)

I'm not a Communist.

CLAY

(shakes his head)

I forgot. I forgot how well they teach a man to lie.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (1)

24

He turns and walks out. Philbrick sits for a long moment looking straight ahead. CAMERA DOLLIES INTO HEAD CLOSEUP.

VOICE OVER

(grimly - satisfied)
Well, Philbrick, does that answer one of your questions...is Clay still a Communist...is he baiting you into a trap? If he is...the bait just fell off the hook.

He rises and starts out, CAMERA PANNING him to the cigar counter where he encounters Comrade Rickard buying a cigar. Rickard makes an awkward move which throws him against Philbrick.

25 TIGHT SHOT - PHILBRICK AND RICKARD

25

as latter bumps Philbrick...turns smiling.

RICKARD

I beg your pardon, sir.
(sotto voce)

Okay?

PHILBRICK

(smiles)

Don't worry about it, sir.

He brushes on past Rickard who looks after him thoughtfully, then nods to himself and turns back to the cigar counter as we

DISSOLVE:

EXT. PHILBRICK'S HOUSE - DAY

26 MED. SHOT - AT DRIVEWAY

26

as Philbrick hurries into the front door of the house.

DISSOLVE:

INT. PHILBRICK'S ATTIC - DAY

27 TIGHT SHOT - AT STAIRWAY

27

as it echoes to o.s. SOUND of Philbrick on lower steps and a moment later he climbs into view. CAMERA PANS him to wardrobe...which he draws to one side...enters the door behind it.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

VOICE OVER

If there's an answer to this whole thing, here's where you'll find it Philbrick, your secret room.

INT. SECRET ROOM - DAY

28 CLOSE SHOT - PHILBRICK

28

entering the secret room from the attic proper...he pulls the wardrobe back in place, then closes the door. Almost in the same gesture...he reaches out and snaps on the gooseneck lamp on his desk...picks it up and carries it the couple of steps to the filing cabinet where he situates it so that it will illuminate the file drawers. He hauls one out...thumbsover some file tabs...selects one...takes it out, opens it.

VOICE OVER

Here we are...the file on the Madison Street cell. Everything Clay Jennings ever knew about the Communist Party happened in that cell...the Communists he met knowingly, were in that cell. This is the record, Philbrick... somewhere in here there has to be a key to what the Communists are afraid Clay might blurt out under questioning by the Committee.

He thumbs over some papers in the file, pausing:

VOICE OVER

(continuing)

Cell members: James Eden, Physicist (deceased); Herb Philbrick, Advertising Executive; George Hammond, Bookkeeper; Clay Jennings, Salesman; Ken Brooks, Jeweler. There's certainly no one on that list who should excite this much protective fervor on the part of the Communists. Definitely no loss to the Party if you, or Brooks, or Hammond are named before twenty committees. So what's it all about...who were the visiting firemen...the Party couriers?

He keeps checking out the file, shaking his head, frowning. The picture of a frustrated man. He comes to the top sheet in the file (he's worked from the back to the front).

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

VOICE OVER
(continuing)
Obituary notice: James Eden...

29 INSERT - NEWSPAPER CLIPPING

29

which is pasted to a sheet of bond paper and clipped to the file in Philbrick's hand.

VOICE OVER
JAMES EDEN, ACCIDENT VICTIM

James Eden, prominent physicist, was a victim of a freak motoring accident here last night. As police re-construct what happened, it is believed that Eden misjudged the parking area on Mission Pier and drove his late-model sedan into the harbor. There were no witnesses to the accident, however, due to the lateness of the hour and the submerged vehicle was not discovered until early this morning....

CAMERA PANS QUICKLY DOWN article to last line, which like the others WE HEAR being read in VOICE OVER.

VOICE OVER
The body, although mutilated, was identified by a long-time friend of the deceased.

30 CLOSE SHOT - PHILBRICK

30

as he finishes reading...looks up, thoughtfully.

VOICE OVER
(continuing)
It could be, Philbrick. It could be you've got something.

He closes the file...returns it to the drawer and closes and locks the cabinet. He snaps out the light and moves quickly out of the secret room as we...

DISSOLVE:

INT. POLICE RECORDS DIVISION - DAY

31 CLOSE SHOT - FILING CABINET

31

a drawer marked DEATH REPORTS, ACCIDENTAL. A pair of hands that belong to a cop...from the service blue sleeves visible in shot...enter and draw the drawer out, thumb through some cards...draw one card out...HOLDING it so
(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

WE SEE the name, James Eden. Then takes it out of CAMERA which PANS the cop to a counter where WE SEE Jerry Dressler waiting. He hands the card to Dressler, who looks at it carefully...smiles and returns the card with a nod. WE SEE Dressler exit.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

32 TIGHT SHOT - AT DOOR

32

appropriately identified by a lettered sign or shingle, reading: RECORDS DIVISION. Dressler emerges and is PANNED DOWN Corridor to a phone booth. He swings into it and dials rapidly.

EXT. NEWS-STAND - DAY

33 CLOSE SHOT - PHILBRICK

33

He appears to be engrossed in a magazine when he hears o.s. phone ringing. Puts magazine back on rack. Glances at watch.

VOICE OVER

Dressler...Right on the second.

EXT. PHONE KIOSK - DAY

34 TIGHT SHOT - AT KIOSK

34

as phone continues to ring. WE SEE Philbrick enter from ANGLE and close door, take down phone.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

35 CLOSE SHOT - DRESSLER

on phone as he smiles...

DRESSLER

(into phone)

Herb...you were right about that identifying party. Good hunch. Yeah. Rickard Logan.

EXT. PHONE KIOSK - DAY

36 CLOSE PAN SHOT - PHILBRICK

36

as WE SEE him hang up...open the door and enter from the phone booth. CAMERA PANS him thoughtfully to his car as:

VOICE OVER

So Comrade Rickard identified James Eden's body...where does that take you, Philbrick? Exactly where? At least the top is off this can...Eden could still be alive. He could be the mysterious comrade who puts his visitors behind opaque glasses. It's a long chance, Philbrick, a big gamble...but the only sure thing is that you lose if you don't play.

As he starts to get in the car,

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RICKARD'S SEDAN - DAY

37 CLOSE SHOT - PHILBRICK

37

wearing opaque glasses. CAMERA PANS to Rickard who regards him sourly. From b.g., it is apparent that car is waiting for a traffic light change.

RICKARD

Look, there's no reason in the world why I can't take your message to our Comrade.

PHILBRICK

(smiles)

Just the best reason...I insist on delivering it in person. Our Comrade considered the orders important enough to give them to me personally. He should feel the same way about my report.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

38 TIGHT SHOT - GROUP

38

ANGLED THRU window on Rickard's side of the car as Philbrick's line OVERLAPS and Rickard nods angrily.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

RICKARD

Okay...you're getting it your way.

The light changes and the sedan is driven out of CAMERA, which is shortly occupied by another car which lingers long enough in SHOT to establish Jerry Dressler as its passenger. CAMERA PANS the FBI car out in pursuit.

EXT. STREET - DAY

39 MED. RUNBY - CARS

39

if possible, they should be integrated with the regular traffic on the street. In any event, there can be no feeling of a procession here...it being assumed that our FBI are old China hands at this business of tailing a party without being obvious about it.

40 MED. SHOT - RICKARD'S CAR

40

from CAMERA CAR as they cruise along...Rickard gesturing to the driver to make a left turn at upcoming intersection. Driver pulls over into left lane...away from CAMERA CAR which lags back...picks up trailing FBI car and Dressler, closing up the gap a little. WE SEE Dressler is speaking into radio phone.

INT. DRESSLER'S CAR - DAY

41 HEAD CLOSEUP - DRESSLER

41

ANGLED UP with top of car as b.g. There's rocking motion and engine SOUND to tell that car is underway. Dressler speaks rapidly into radio phone.

DRESSLER

Alert to left wing. Our boy
turning your way on North Avenue.
Intercept.

VOICE

(o.s. filter)
Left wing...Roger.

DRESSLER

Right Wing, stand by to execute
crossover.

EXT. STREET - DAY

- 42 FULL SHOT - AT INTERSECTION 42
as Rickard's sedan makes left turn and FBI car with Dressler continues on...picking up speed in a burst and executing left turn at next following intersection.
- 43 MED. PAN SHOT - FBI CAR 43
whipping to next intersection and screeching around it at high speed.
- 44 MED. SHOT - RICKARD 44
from CAMERA CAR. The Comrade is blissfully unaware of anything untoward going on. From time to time he casts a glance back, but seems satisfied that they are not being followed.
- 45 FULL SHOT - AT ANOTHER INTERSECTION 45
as Rickard's sedan glides on through and another car makes left turn from intersecting street and falls in at a respectable distance behind it. This car should not resemble Dressler's car in any particular.
- 46 MED. SHOT - AGENT 46
from CAMERA CAR. He's talking into radio phone.

INT. DRESSLER'S CAR - DAY

- 47 HEAD CLOSEUP - DRESSLER 47
as in Sc. 41...on phone.

VOICE
(o.s. filter)
Have our boy on North Avenue.
Proceeding at 38 mph. Over.

DRESSLER
(into phone)
Good. Crossover executed. Give
us your position by hundred block.

VOICE
(o.s. filter)
Just entering nine hundred.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

DRESSLER
 Okay, both wings will close...
 keep reading your position
 until we're

48 MED. RUNBY - DRESSLER'S CAR

48

going like hell past CAMERA. This INTERCUTS with preceding scene.

EXT. "NORTH" AVE - DAY

49 MED. RUNBY - RICKARD'S CAR

49

which is followed in due course by another car we have now identified as FBI radio car.

EXT. STREET - DAY

50 MED. RUNBY - DRESSLER'S CAR

50

coming in fast and then slowing.

INT. DRESSLER'S CAR - DAY

51 as in Sc. 41...on phone.

51

VOICE (o.s. filter)
 Entering eleven hundred block,
 speed still 38 mph.

DRESSLER
 (into phone)
 We're in position on your tight wing, now. How's the left wing?

VOICE (o.s. filter)
 Left wing closing fast...midway
 in ten hundred block now.

DRESSLER
 (into phone)
 Good, over.

EXT. "NORTH" AVENUE - DAY

52 MED. RUNBY - RICKARD'S CAR

52

passing CAMERA...at steady speed.

INT. RICKARD'S CAR - DAY

53 HEAD CLOSEUP - PHILBRICK

53

ANGLED UP with top of car for b.g. Usual movement and SOUND evident. WE SEE him regard Rickard from under those opaque glasses as CAMERA PANS to include just a bit of that gentleman's unpleasant features.

VOICE OVER

(acidly amused)

Maybe you should be wearing these opaque glasses, Comrade. Then you'd have an excuse for not realizing you're being followed by the FBI.

Rickard continues to look stolidly ahead as we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COMRADE X'S STUDY - DAY

54 MED. SHOT - PHILBRICK

54

being led blindly into center of room by Rickard as on his previous visit...faces the other door, which as before opens on a darkened room.

COMRADE X (o.s.)

We will have your report, Comrade.

PHILBRICK

I've brought a counter-proposition from Clay Jennings. He offers to forget his recent encounter with James Eden...for a price.

RICKARD

(reacts - growling)

He must be off his trolley. James Eden's dead. I ought to know. I identified the body.

PHILBRICK

(quietly)

Jennings says you were wrong.

(pause)

COMRADE X (o.s.)

How much does he want?

PHILBRICK

Ten thousand.

(CONTINUED)

COMRADE X (o.s.)

That's blackmail!

PHILBRICK

Jennings feels it's compensation...
for throwing his future away before
that Committee.

RICKARD

(angrily)

I told you to assure him that
the Party would look out for
his future!

PHILBRICK

(calmly)

Jennings said he'd take his
assurance in hard cash.

(to the open door)

What answer shall I give him?

RICKARD

(heatedly)

Let me answer him...

(with menace)

...he'll wish he never saw you!

COMRADE X (o.s.)

(sharply)

Shut up...Comrade.

(calmly again)

Comrade Herb...you may inform
Jennings that he will receive
his money...after he has testified.

PHILBRICK

(nods)

Good enough.

The door closes on the darkened room and Richard vents
his annoyance by shoving Philbrick toward the exit.

RICKARD

Come on...let's go.

PHILBRICK

(acidly - smiles)

Please, Comrade...you wouldn't
strike a man wearing glasses?

Rickard isn't amused, glares sourly as they exit and we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PHILBRICK KITCHEN - NIGHT

55 TIGHT SHOT - AT REFRIGERATOR

55

as the door opens, throwing a beam of light into the otherwise darkened room. It reflects on Philbrick's eager face as he eyes all the goodies in the box. Suddenly the overhead light in the kitchen is snapped on and Philbrick reacts...straightening.

EVA (o.s.)

Caught you red handed, didn't I?

She enters to him, smiling. She's wearing a nightgown and wrap.

PHILBRICK

(grins)

Looks that way.

EVA

Can I fix you anything before I go to bed?

PHILBRICK

No, honey. I think I know how to construct a sandwich.

EVA

(smiles)

That's what I was afraid of...the cold roast in there is supposed to last through tomorrow. So I'd better make your sandwich!

Philbrick shakes his head...then reacts to SOUND of tapping on door...CAMERA PANS him to exit to porch. He opens it.

DRESSLER (o.s.)

(whisper)

It's Jerry, Herb.

He nods and exits...Eva wanders into shot, looking troubled and anxious.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

56 TIGHT TWO SHOT - PHILBRICK AND DRESSLER

56

light as previously handled.

(CONTINUED)

DRESSLER

Just wanted you to know we have
a make on your friend Eden...
followed him from that house
where you were taken to meet
him. He's in a very important
job...calls himself Hayes.
Got a new background that goes
clear to a birth certificate.

PHILBRICK

(low whistle)

Are you going to pick him up?

DRESSLER

(shakes his head)

Not right away. He didn't change
his identity and land this
important job without inside help.
We're going to watch Mr. Eden...
or rather, Mr. Hayes...for awhile.
Maybe he'll lead us to the people
responsible for him. One thing
certain...he'll never make another
false step.

O.S. there is SOUND of the Philbrick's front doorbell and
Eva calls from the kitchen.

EVA (o.s.)

I'll get it, Herb.

PHILBRICK

The front door.

DRESSLER

(nods)

Good night, Herb...and thanks for
putting the finger on Eden. He
won't squirm out from under it.
I promise you.

Dressler turns and vanishes in the darkness. Philbrick
exits into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

57 TIGHT PAN SHOT - PHILBRICK

57

as he crosses from porch door to hall door, calling:

PHILBRICK

Eva...who is it?

(CONTINUED)

EVA (o.s.)
Clay Jennings.

PHILBRICK
Well, bring him on back.

Eva enters with Clay.

EVA
That's just what I was doing.

Clay is appropriately sheepish as he enters, nods to Philbrick.

CLAY
Hi, Herb...surprised to see me
here, aren't you?

PHILBRICK
(shrugs)
A bit.

CLAY
Well, the fact is, I couldn't
seem to sleep on what I want to
tell you.

PHILBRICK
(coldly)
Okay, get it off your chest...
although I thought you covered
things rather well this noon.

CLAY
(shakes his head)
No more of that, Herb. That's
what I want to tell you. I've
been thinking about how I popped
off at you. I was way out in
left field and I'm sorry. I
don't believe a word of what I
said. I know better. Things
were just crowding me, that's
all.

PHILBRICK
(nods)
I know, Clay. Come on, sit down
and have a sandwich with me.

He pulls Clay to the kitchen table.

CLAY
Then you're not sore?

(CONTINUED)

PHILBRICK

Only if you fail to appreciate
Eva's cooking.

Eva brings two plates of sandwiches to the table...a
couple of steaming cups of something...which she places
before the boys.

CLAY

Incidentally, Herb...I got a
wire late this afternoon. From
the committee. They're dropping
that...

(glance at Eva)
...that matter. So I guess it was
just a big uproar over nothing.

PHILBRICK

(picks up his cup;
smiles)
That's right, Clay. It was
nothing at all.

He and Eva exchange a meaningful look as Clay is momentarily
baffled, then his good nature takes over and he drinks as
does Herb and we

FADE OUT.

THE END

11

11

W. J. L. & C. O.

